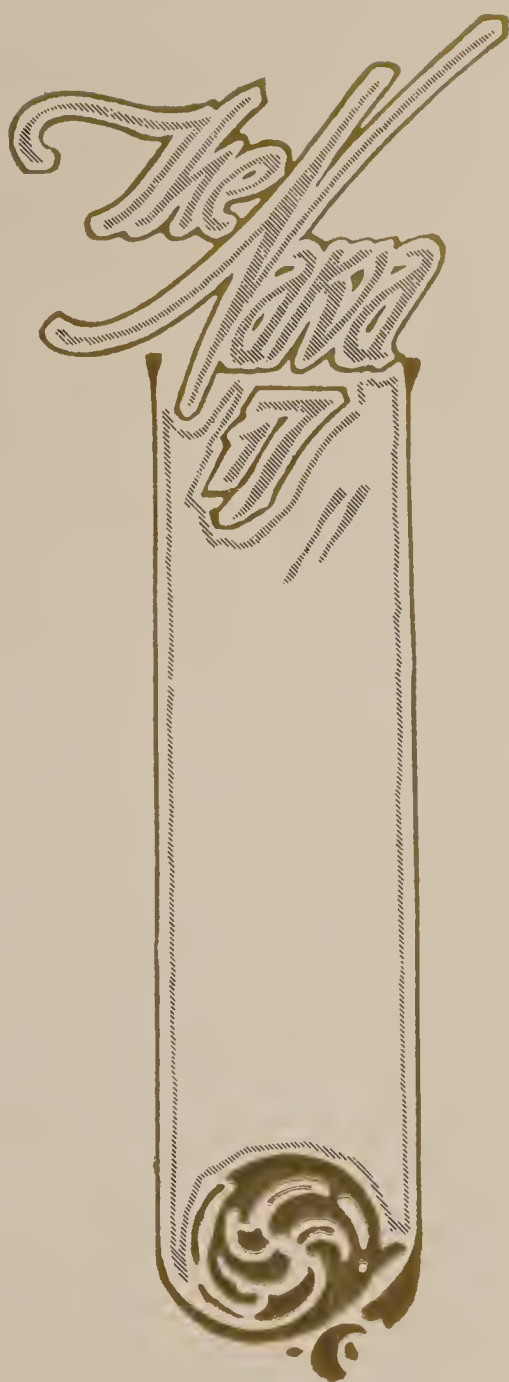


Narva
1917







The Staff

PAUL MORRISON, EDITOR

HOMER PARSONS, ASST. EDITOR

MILLARD CONKLIN, ARTIST

PAUL WOLFE, BUS. MGR.

DWIGHT STEVENSON, ASST. BUS. MGR.

PUBLISHED BY CLASS OF 1918



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The Land of Narva

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Dedicated to
John Hamilton Lawrence

Who has worked with us
Who has played with us
Who has scolded us
Who has believed in us
Who has loved us
All along the way

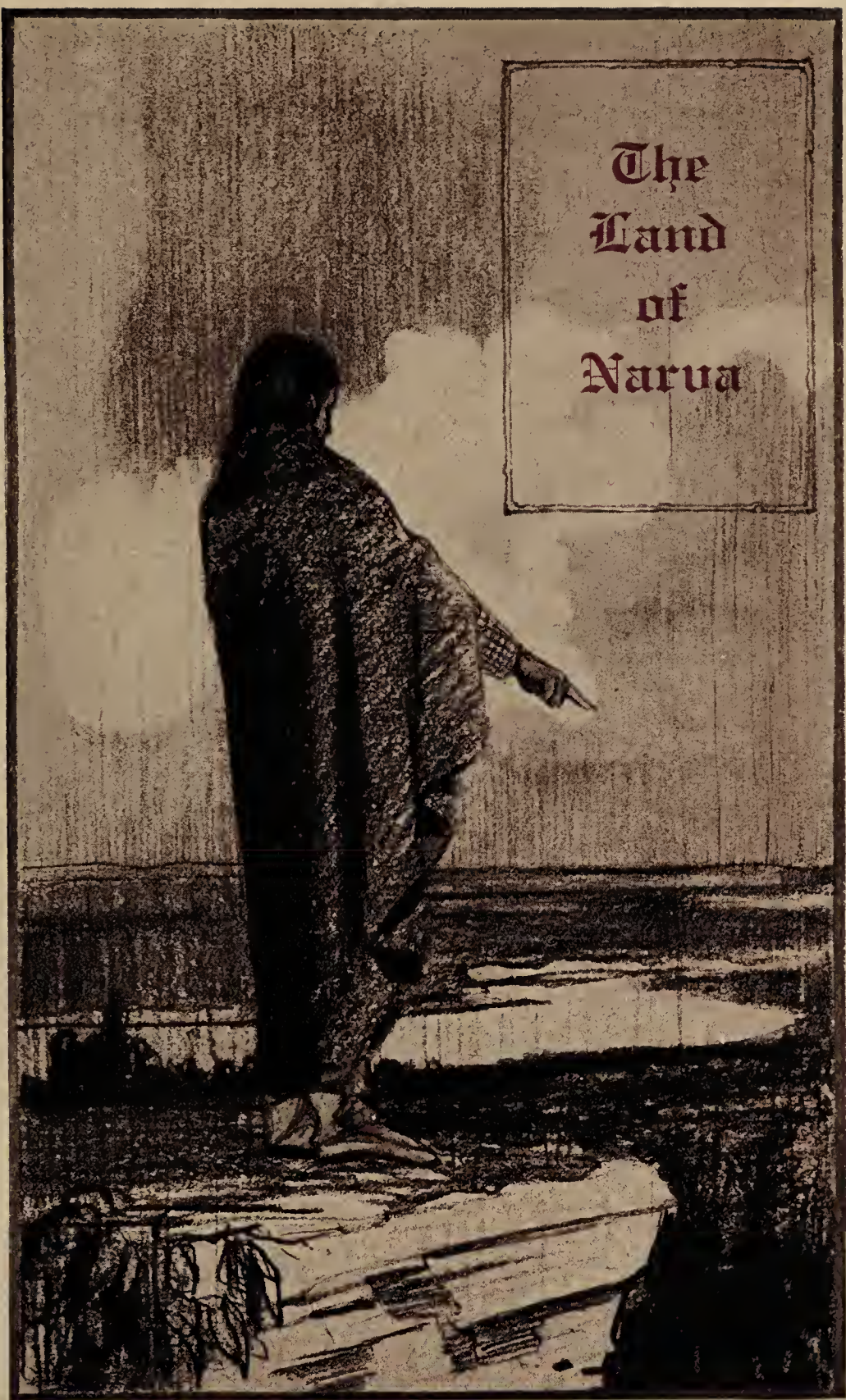
Foreword

This book was once a man. His name was Narva. He was a chief of his tribe, but also a prince of tradition, a right proper prophet in his own country. His keen second sight was remarkable; — a matter of common knowledge among his people and even a subject of jest among the irreverent.

He foresaw among other things our own dear college. He it was who first called it a unique institution, he it was who first saw these wild hills tamed into a campus, and likewise saw the noble youths and maidens emerge from "general regulations" and "required attendance" to become teachers, lawyers and missionaries who spread the gospel of light in all continents and all islands of the sea.

For this cause, then, before we go on with his book, we set aside reverently this page to the Vision of Narva.

The
Land
of
Narua





Coming from Eleanor Chestnut Lodge one finds it extremely convenient. This view must have been taken after 7:30 P. M. to account for its lack of population





Rickel Dormitory for Women



The Romantic Side of the Iron
Bridge. Taken from the West





**Woodward Hall, the Academy Men's Dormitory.
Fifteen minutes from everywhere**



The Sun Dial. Gift
of the Class of 1916



Mackay and Alumni Buildings seen from
the West. Conventional Parkville View

Looking into the bottomless
depths of Falling Springs





The Carnegie Library. A place
to read magazines, keep social
hour and pay fines



The Tennis Courts, improved by
President Hawley. A favorite
place to cut class



Bright Vista on the White Alloe



“The garden road ran through an avenue
of stately pines”

But no, we mustn't quote any more.
We really mustn't



Contrary to current opinion this is properly
the Stone Bridge, not a spoonholder



The busiest section of the Campus

We thought you would like to see the
rest of the road begun on page 16.
Here it is





Labor Hall from the West









FREDERICK WILLIAM HAWLEY, A. M., D. D.
President



MRS. HAWLEY



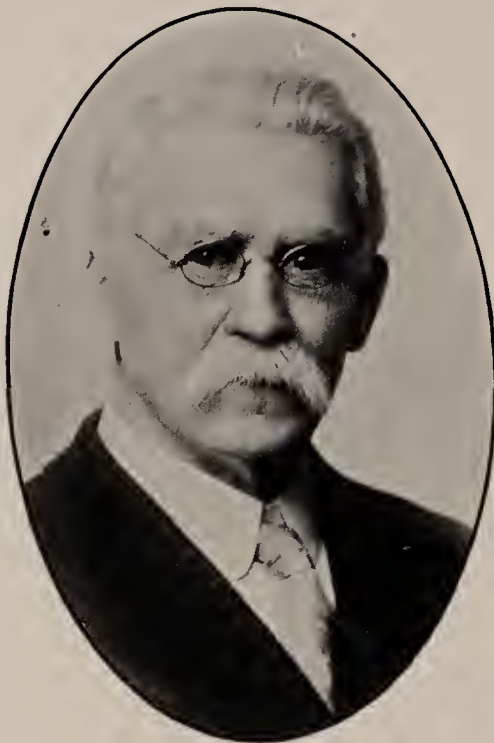
ARTHUR LESTER WOLFE, Ph. D.
Latin Language and Literature



CHARLES E. HORNE, A. M., Ph. D.
Dean
Department of Bible



REV. MATTHEW HALE WILSON
A. M., B. Pd., B. D.
*Benjamin S. Brown Department of Philosophy
and Psychology*



REV. SAMUEL LANTY MCAFEE, D. D.
*Emeritus, George S. Park Department of
Biblical History*



HOWARD ANDREW DEAN, A. M.
Chemistry



WALTER FREDERICK SANDERS, A. B.
Greek and German



MERLIN CHAMBERLAIN FINDLAY
*George S. Park Department of
Natural and Applied Science*



JOHN HAMILTON LAWRENCE
A. M.
Literature and Public Speaking



ROY VERNON MAGERS, A. M.
*Mrs. George S. Park Department
of History*



R. I. EDWARDS
Department of Physics



ROSS ALBERT WELLS, A. M.
Mathematics and Astronomy



STELLA M. THOMPSON, A. B.
Household Economics



ETHEL E. LYON, A. B.
Instructor in English



META M. OELFKE, A. B.
Instructor in Biology



MARY R. HARRISON
Instructor in Latin and History



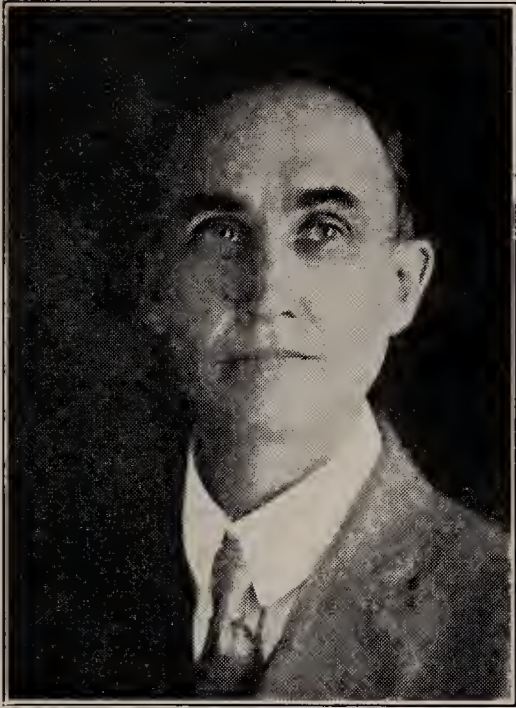
NORMAN FRANK MCCARTY
(Ann Arbor)
Piano, Organ and Voice



ORWELL CLAUDE RADER
Graduate Caesar Thompson,
Brussels, Belgium
Violin
*Director of the Band and of the
Orchestra*



KATHERINE L. JARVIS, A. B.
Librarian



WILLIAM ARTHUR COOK, A. M., Ph. D.
Department of Education

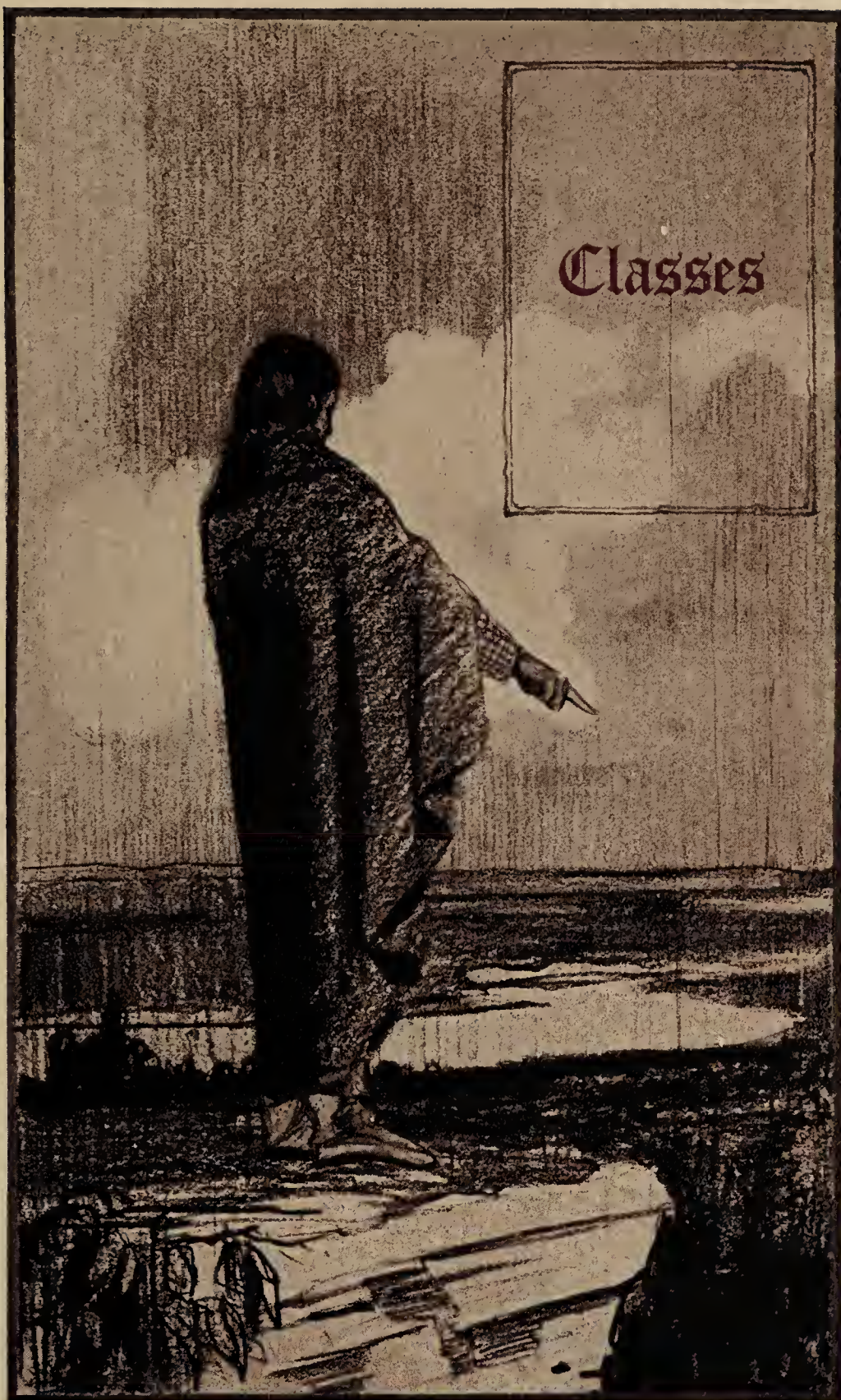


CARSON HATHAWAY, A. B.
Academy English



GENE HUNT, A. B.
Instructor in German

Classes



SENIORS



FRIEDLEY



L. HURLEY

Lowell

From "Akansaw". Expects to grow.
Greatest achievement: Student Body
President.

M. WHITFIELD

Calliopean

Very affable. Will go on farm. Be-
lieves in independence in Senior year.

S. SHETLER

Lowell

"Buttons." Track man. Interested
in debate and oratory and incidentally
in the girls.





VIVA GREY

Calliopean

Excellent inspiration for orators.

B. BLEVINS

Parchevard

State orator in Old Line and Prohibition Contests. He's hard to beat.

C. BREMNER

Calliopean

"Still water runs deep."

E. BRODBECK

Lucerne

"Silence is golden."

M. WHITE

Lowell

Inter-collegiate debater and Business
Manager of Stylus.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth."

J. TAYLOR

Lucerne

"Jess." Stylus editor and a deep
thinker. Literary essayist.

"Button, button, who's got the button?"





C. BROWN

Parchevard

A tall man with lofty aims. Y. M.
C. A. President and "married".

B. NAPLES

Calliopean

She came, she saw, and is a good sport.

B. BONEY

Parchevard

A smile that won't wear off. A melo-
dious voice for evangelistic singing.

D. JONES

Aurora

"Cookery has become an art and noble science."

D. BATES

Orion

A prominent farmer and "white man's" hope. Class Honor Orator.

I. BRIDGLAND

Aurora

"If you haven't got the push, get the pull."





L. JOHNSON

Aurora

A steady, capable young woman.

H. SARKIS

Orion

"God made but one image from this mold."

B. LOWE

Lucerne

"Bert" can't be beat as a salesman.

S. SAMUELS

Lucerne

Salutatorian. Sadie really is smart.

M. WEBER

Orion

Has a firm foundation.

G. WOLFE

Lucerne

College soloist. Chapel pianist. Expects to farm.





C. WRIGHT

Aurora

A Student Volunteer assistant.

J. SMITH

Parchevard

*"I came not to praise Caesar, but to
bury him."*

F. BOWLES

Aurora

A sober character.

R. WYATT

Calliopean

A Y. W. enthusiast.

"As merry as the day is long."

W. STEPHENSON

Parchevard

"His life was simple."

B. FOUTS

Calliopean

A literary personage of great genius.





G. POWELL

Lowell

He is a well "tailored" man.

K. Moss

Aurora

I am not bound to success, but I am bound to do my duty.

D. McCLUSKEY

Orion

A Blackburn product. "Thee hast said—"

B. JOHNSON

Aurora

"Let well enough alone."

M. DE BOER

Calliopean

She speaks for herself! "George."

G. SHIMMON

Parchevard

*"This was the noblest Roman of them
all."*





J. DENNY

Aurora

Class essayist. Y. W. C. A. President.

J. GREENE

Parchevard

Class orator. An all-around man.

V. SINGLETON

Aurora

"Nothing is more reasonable than good manners."

D. WHITE

Calliopean

Valedictorian

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

R. PEEKE

Parchevard

A past band master.

W. COOK

Calliopean

An excellent cook.





J. PEEKE

Parchevard

Literary orator.

*"I never did repent of doing good and
shall not now."*

R. TUGGLE

Lucerne

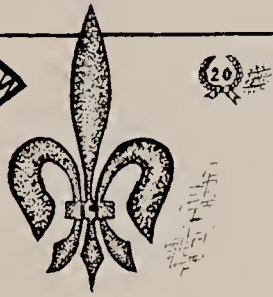
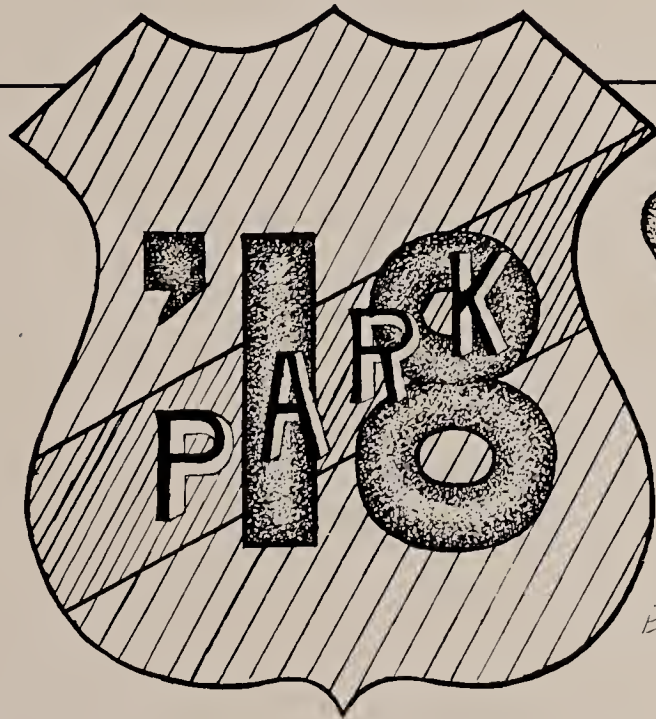
You know, "I say just what I mean
and nothing more or less."

ROY V. MAGERS

Faculty Honorary Member

"I can say no more."

JUNIOR



— DRY '18.



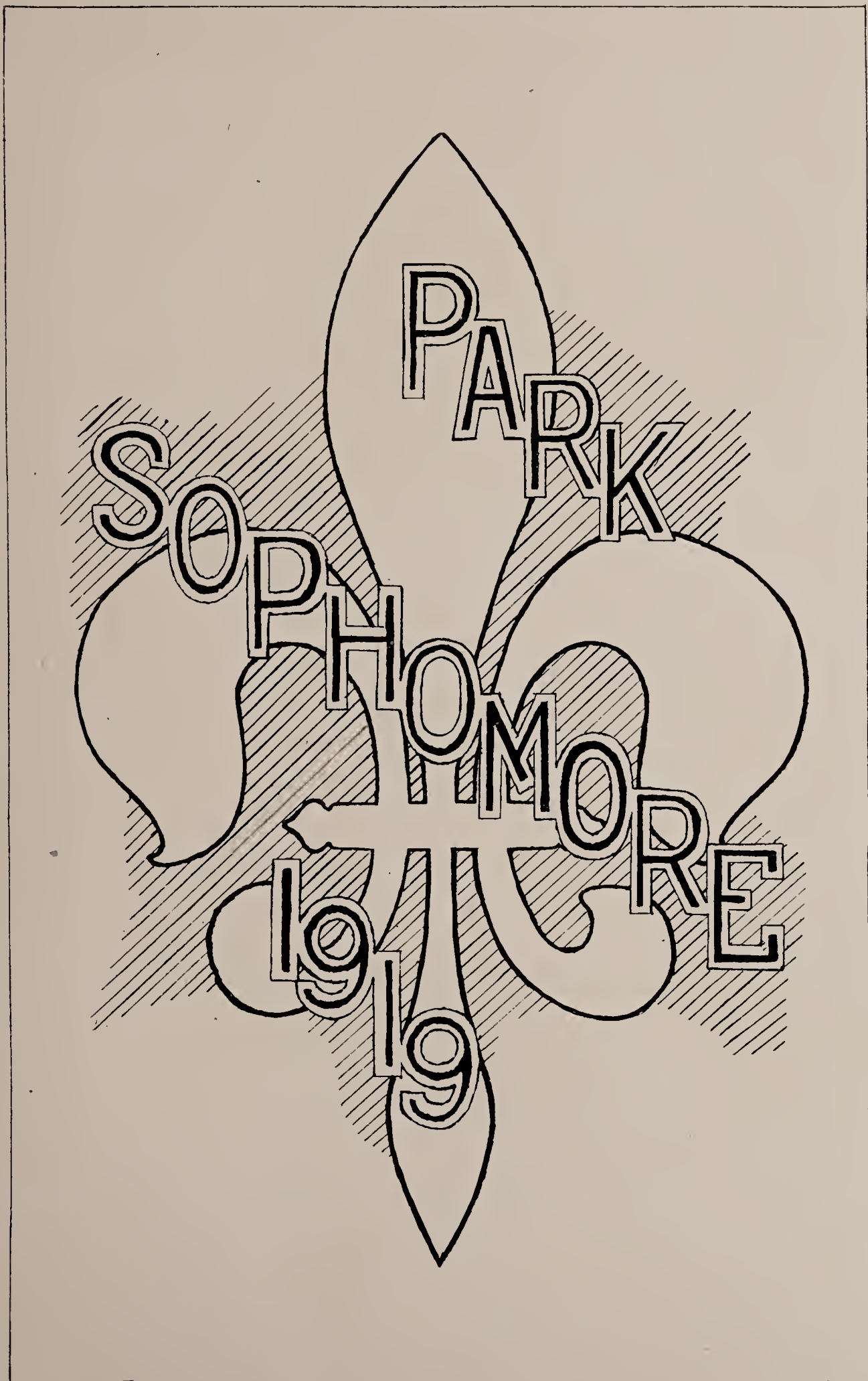
F. R. FRIZELLE
Junior President

The Junior Class

When a candid and unprejudiced observer tallies our magnificent promise in 1914 with our fulfillment up to the present, he will discover no great discrepancy. Our men have prospered every debate and are represented in all oratoricals. Our honorary member, Mr. Lawrence, has done his share in training men who bring in victory after victory. And our girls can speak for themselves, even if they could not Mr. Frizelle is the College Yell Leader.









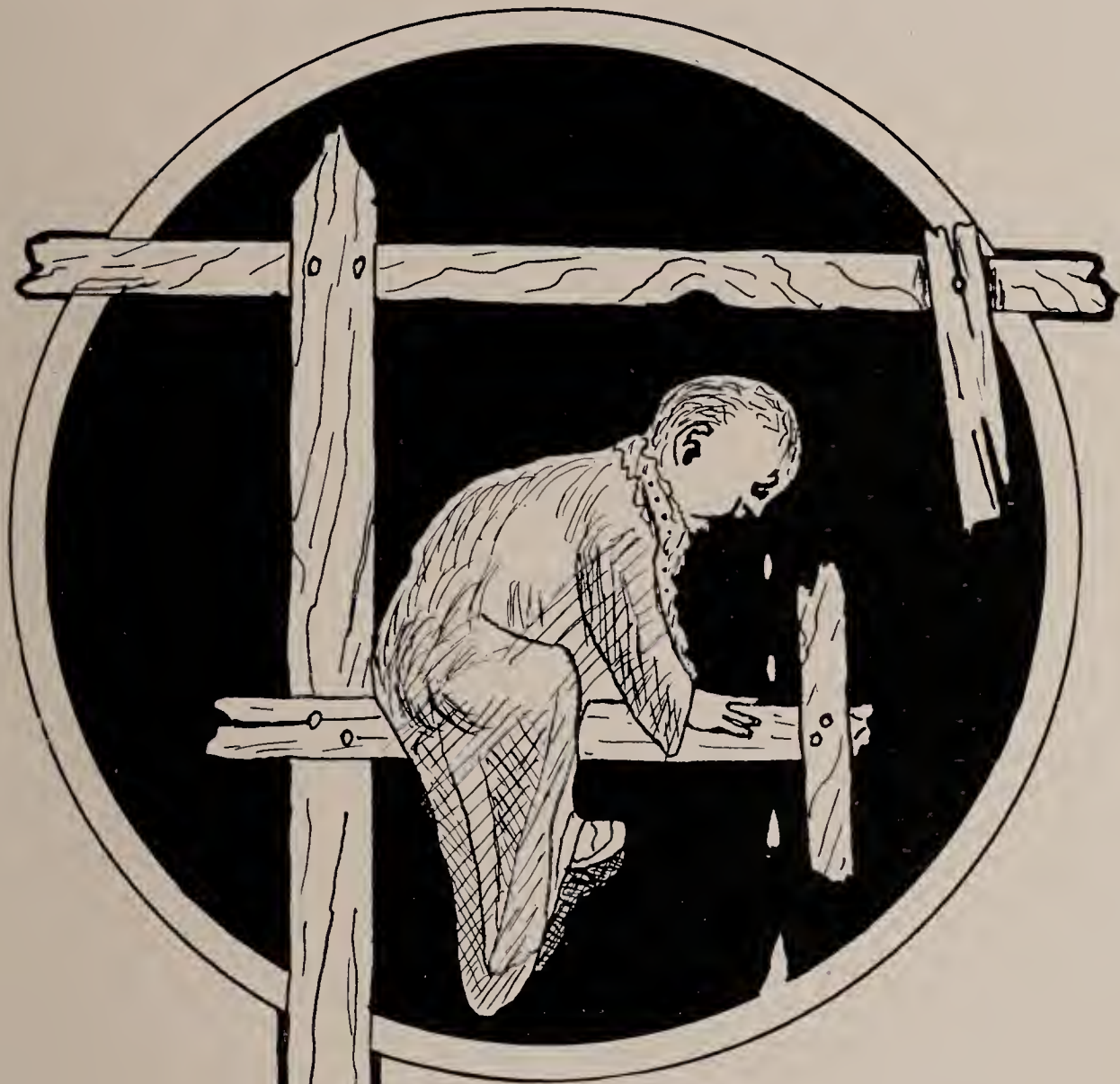
FREDERICK HAWLEY
President of Sophomores

The Sophomores

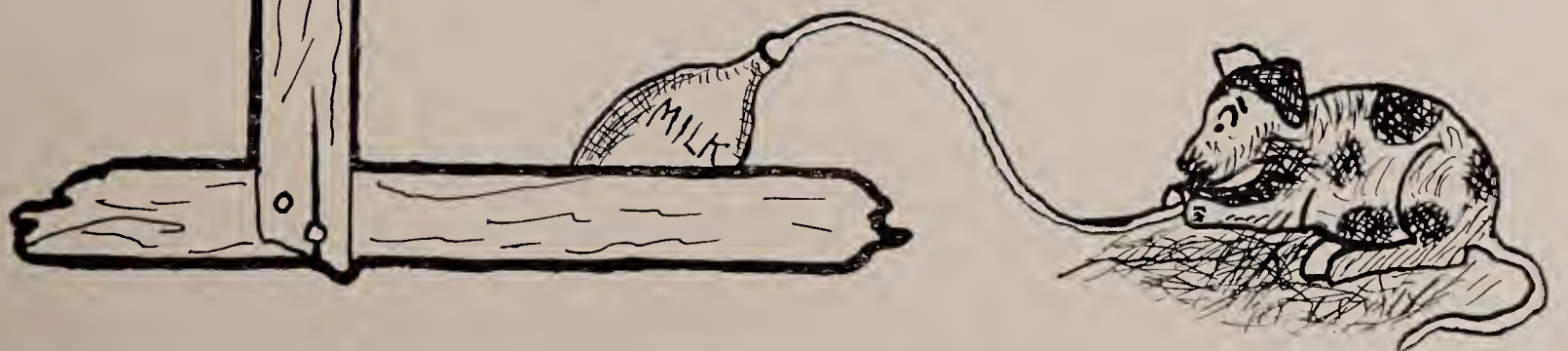
Emerging from the penumbra of discouragement that followed our disillusionment this year, we find after all that we have fallen merely from overvaluation of ourselves. As it is, we have still a record and a possibility that is far above the average. And this year under the two Presidents Hawley we point with pride to our achievements. So next year the Purple and White march on to better achievements.







RESHMAN



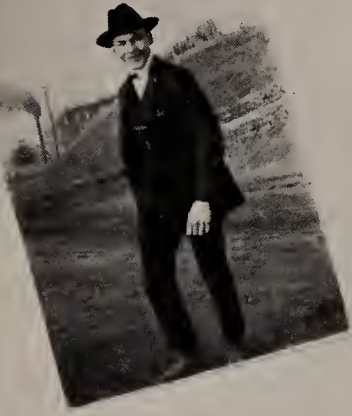


ROY SWANSON
President of Freshmen

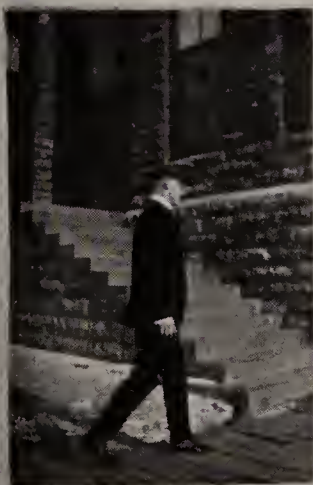
The Freshmen

Of course we were told that no class in history was so great, so wise, and so full of promise as ourselves. And still we believe that there is more in it than the majority believe. For our debate consecrated the Silver and Scarlet with victory, and our page is fair and ample. Our men press on with pep and patriotism—we look on those who have left us for the Army and Navy as worthy students of our Alma Mater, having received a more than common share of her stern loyalty to principle.

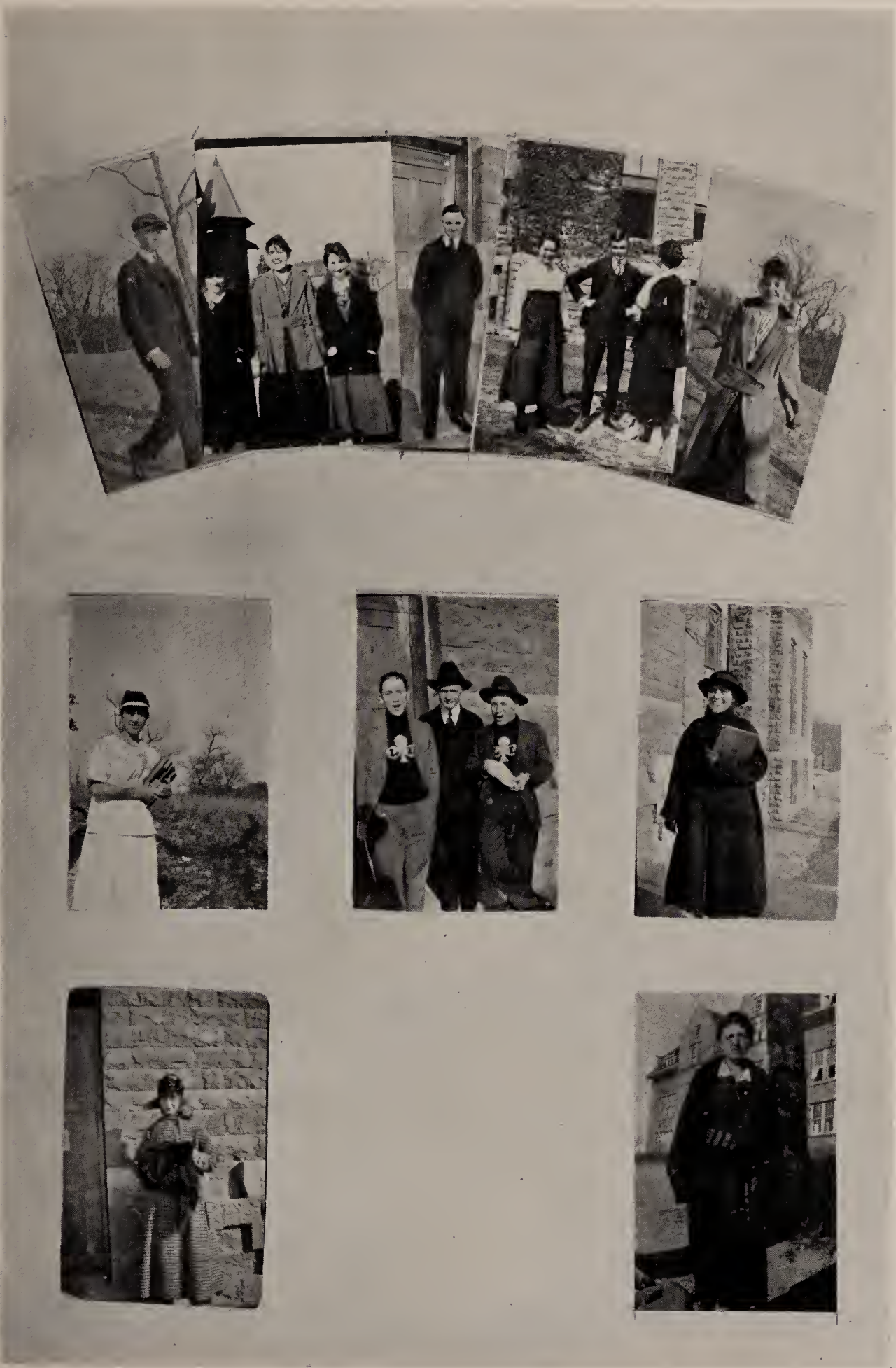




FRESHMEN ATTITUDES



FRESHMEN ATTITUDES



FRESHMEN ATTITUDES

From "The Park Stylus", illustrating the Freedom
of the Press

Well!
Nov. 3,
SENIORS MASK
Hallow Een Party on Tuesday
Costumes Cat
The Sen
rty at th
on Tu
t was
Hallow E
ather
walk
the p
ghoastly

Too Bad!
Mr Bailey Mayes ex '19, will
return to college the first of Feb-
ruary and resume his class room
work.
Kramer— (mournfully) Yes!

"Use Pebeco"
During the evening Miss Flor-
nece Cramer whistled "The pear-
ly gates stand open" playing her
own accompaniment. Miss
Cramer is skillful in this.

"There's no place" etc.
ing between terms at Kidder,
Roy Zimmer '20 spent the week
end at his home in Kansas City.
Miss Katherine Myer '20 spent
the week end at her home in
Kansas City.

So
Several instances have come to
our notice in the past week of
breaking of promises by mem-
bers of the sterner sex. It seems
that some of the men were popu-
lar enough to receive several in-
vitations to eat at different de-
vinitories and after giving their
word to go to a certain place
have suddenly changed their
minds. In some instances this
has caused considerable incon-
venience to the girls. If the
men do not want to eat here or
there they are under no obliga-
tion to accept an invitation but
once accepted, the obligation
is binding and a true sense of
fair play would not permit a
gentleman to break his promise.

Ask Mrs Hawley—
Saturday afternoon Mrs. Haw-
ley gave a reception in Eleanor
Chestnut Hall to the housemoth-
ers, ladies of the faculty and
some of the town ladies. Mrs.
Frost sang a number of times
since this was her main purpose
in visiting here. Tea was served
by the two little Chinese girls
who are attending school

Sarcasm?
Miss Alice Chamberlain has
left school. She is to be married
and go to India. We wish to
extend our heartiest congratu-
lations.

Organiza-
tions



ORGANIZATIONS





Lucerne

TOP ROW: E. Brodbeck, G. McRuer,
G. Wolfe, M. Wakefield, F. Cramer, H.
McFarland, M. L. Maupin, H. McCall,
D. Clutter.

SECOND ROW: H. Hamilton, A.
Sandt, J. McColgin, H. Hamilton, M.
Kooch, G. Thierolf, H. Branch, E.
Moore, S. Samuels.

THIRD ROW: M. Tuggle, E. Eckart,
P. Mitchell, F. Soper, Mae Wakefield,
D. Hollyman, O. Tucker, R. Tucker,
J. Taylor.

BOTTOM ROW: G. Mayo, B. Low, R.
Tuggle, J. Clark, M. Murphy, M. Rob-
inson, H. Palmer, V. Castle, O. Heady.



Lowell

TOP ROW: C. Torgerson, D. Tuggle,
C. Hamilton, W. Wachter, A. McClure,
P. Wolfe, C. White, W. Fitzgerald,
M. White.

SECOND ROW: E. Norrington, M. Conklin,
W. Farley, G. Powell, G. Hayes,
H. Dry, R. Scanland, R. McElhinney,
L. Hurley.

THIRD ROW: L. Conklin, M. Magers,
J. Hurley, J. Morris, E. McClure, R. Stevenson,
R. Hall, M. Parker, E. Locker.

FOURTH ROW: C. Winsborough, H. Wolfe,
M. Weer, O. Leavel.

BOTTOM ROW: S. Shetler, G. Riester,
B. Morgan, L. Shaw, W. White, P. Staats,
D. Stevenson, G. Clark, A. Smith.



Aurora

TOP ROW: L. Bridgland, V. Smith, C.
Rauber, G. Hastings, R. Oliver, D.
Jones, O. Duncan, G. Hinshaw.

SECOND ROW: N. Wightman, L.
Worthington, P. Bohannon, M. Hart, Z.
Bray, J. Johnston, J. Hobler, H. Ruigh.

THIRD ROW: R. Moore, M. Mitchell,
E. Agnew, B. Morris, J. Denny, D. Mil-
ler, M. Newhouse, F. Bowles.

FOURTH ROW—D. Howard, B. Brad-
ley, K. Meyers, G. Bridgland.

BOTTOM ROW: H. Assel, M. Craig,
C. Wright, K. Moss, V. Singleton, Z.
De Vore, L. Johnson, B. Johnson.



Orion

TOP ROW: D. McCluskey, H. Sarkiss,
F. Findlay, H. Langfitt, H. Severson, F.
Dawson, G. Hammer, W. Blodgett, D.
Bates.

SECOND ROW: M. McElroy, C. En-
nis, C. Hillman, R. Simpson, S. Ashburn,
L. Ice, P. Morrison, P. Morton, D.
Smith.

THIRD ROW: M. Laine, J. Nance, A.
Peterson, P. Mazzei, J. Oliver, M.
Weber, F. Connor, R. Zimmer, L.
Gowan.

FOURTH ROW: F. Frizelle, D. Shu-
gart, S. Yang, H. Manning, B. Cramer,
P. Glick, H. Bousman, H. Hawley, H.
Parsons.

BOTTOM ROW: P. Acosta, R. Mc-
Afee, F. Whitney, F. Hawley.



Calliopean

TOP ROW: M. Bloom, I. Taylor, E. Steele, K. Koehler, W. Nutt, V. Caldwell, M. Bailey, M. Roland, L. Bopes.

SECOND ROW: M. Waldrop, N. Love, L. Stevenson, O. Bremer, M. Whitfield, E. Harrett, M. Westfall, H. Petit, E. Bozarth.

THIRD ROW: E. Means, C. Bremner, D. White, R. Gilkison, M. Bradford, L. Crozier.

FOURTH ROW: P. Drury, M. Akin, F. Cunningham, V. Gray, E. Biggs, M. Dancy, L. Todd, L. Hailey, M. DeBoer.

BOTTOM ROW: B. Fouts, E. Minckemeyer, M. Searson, W. Cook, W. Ashford, R. Maples, B. Hudson, F. Fernstrom, R. Wyatt.



Parchevard

TOP ROW: G. Long, B. Boney, DeW.
Knotter, W. Porter, L. White, R. Peeke,
R. Fosmire, B. Mayes, S. Baker, L.
Murray, F. Filson.

SECOND ROW: C. Hudson, W. Kent,
B. Bohannan, G. Daniel, W. Peck, B.
Blevins, R. Racely, R. Stoops, F. Miller,
W. Browning.

THIRD ROW: J. Green, J. Smith, W.
Stephenson, K. Goldbranson, H. Doole,
J. Peeke, G. Flamson, R. Towne, W.
Fordyce, D. Van Dyke.

FOURTH ROW: R. Swanson, G. Shim-
mon, W. Choate, L. Ladd, D. Parks, E.
Porter.

BOTTOM ROW: H. Neeper, W. Wil-
liams, O. Coan, F. Officer, W. Hoffman,
C. Brown, G. Martin, H. McCall, L.
Galbraith, T. Knotter, L. Browning.



GLEE CLUB



PARK-LAWRENCE BAND



PARK COLLEGE ORCHESTRA



Sid Whiting

MEDICAL ASSOCIATION



PARK'S "ROTARY CLUB"



ACADEMY CLUBS



ESTES PARK



WHAT AN ARTIST SKETCHED WHILE OFF DUTY



ORGANIZATIONS



LEANTIKON CLUB

Leantikou

TOP ROW: Monta Page, Dickie Yerrington, Bessie Powell, Ruby Vest, Miriam Reed, Mattie Tuggle.

BOTTOM ROW: Ruth Linder, Leona Noland, Dorothy Johnson, Fay Burge, Bertha Fickle, Albina Buffa.



ANDRION CLUB

Andrion

TOP ROW: L. Voss, H. Clark, N.
Zutrau, B. Burford, D. Conklin, C. de
Armond, C. Strickle, V. Hanson.

SECOND ROW: G. Robin, G. Paik, D.
Erwin, W. Y. Lea, D. Harlan, H. La-
mar, J. Pauly, H. Busch.

BOTTOM ROW: W. Linder, J. Luthy,
J. Geiger, C. Cho, H. Peery.



PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Philomathean

TOP ROW: Ruth Martin, Elizabeth Nash, Annie Johnson, Dorothy Lawrence, Harriet Peeke, Susan Peeke, Margaret Keller, Mabel Bass, Rachel Crozier, Ruth Reed.

SECOND ROW: Ah Mooie Fong, Ethel Blomberg, Alice Luthy, Beatrice Long, Myrtle Reed, Gertrude Bush, Cornelia Crozier, Clara Knotter, Alice Welks, Beth Schall, Bernice Wright.

BOTTOM ROW: Sarah Liang, Josephine Threlkeld, Myrtle Worrell, Marie Duty, Katherine Bray, Alice Wolfe, Nellie Martin, Mamie Newman, Alice Clark.



PHILOTEXIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Philotexian

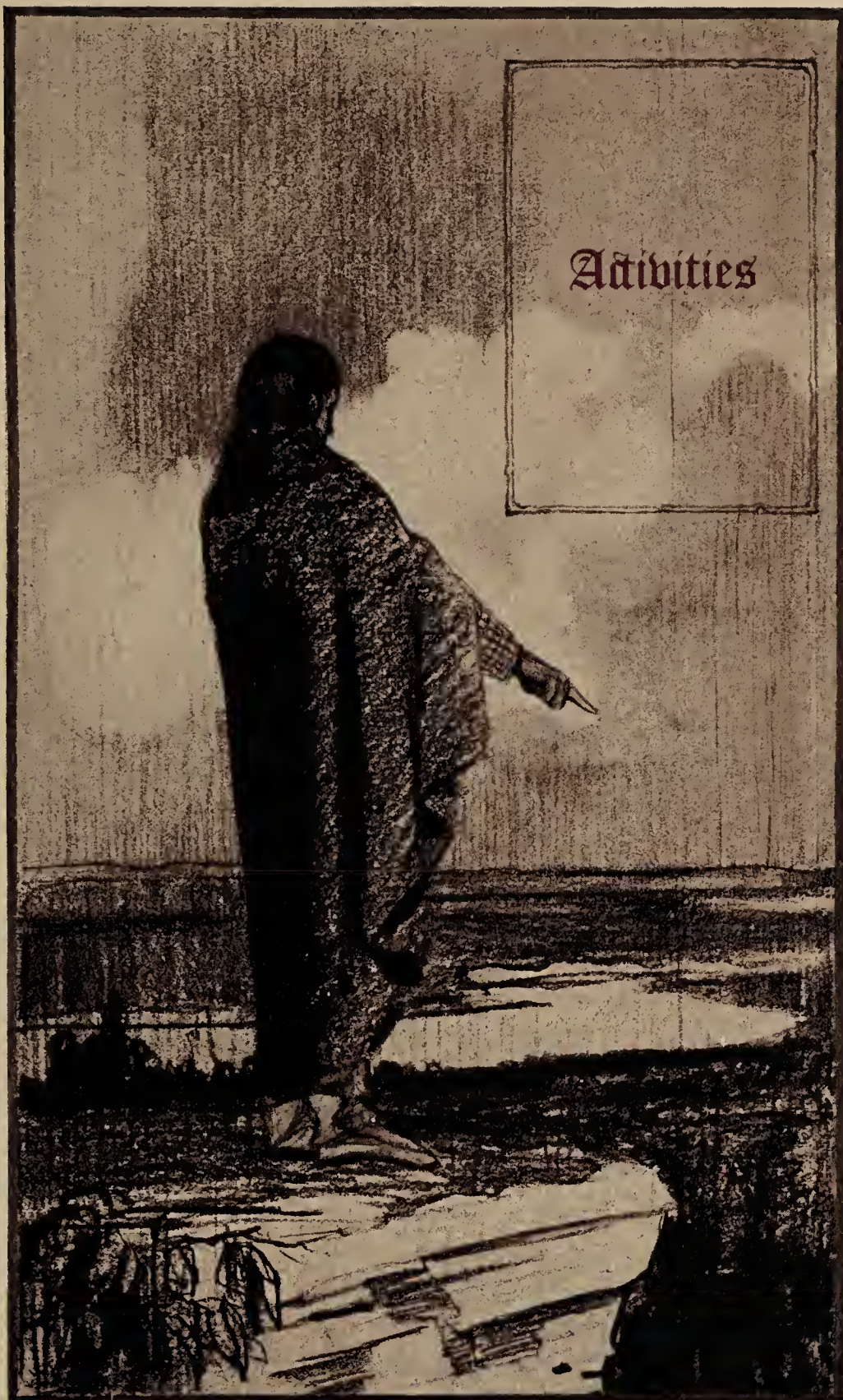
TOP ROW: A. McCall, J. F. Clark,
Fred Blevins, Ralph Brown, R. Ma-
haney, H. Taul, S. Crnkovitch, S. King,
G. Ricker, R. McFarlane.

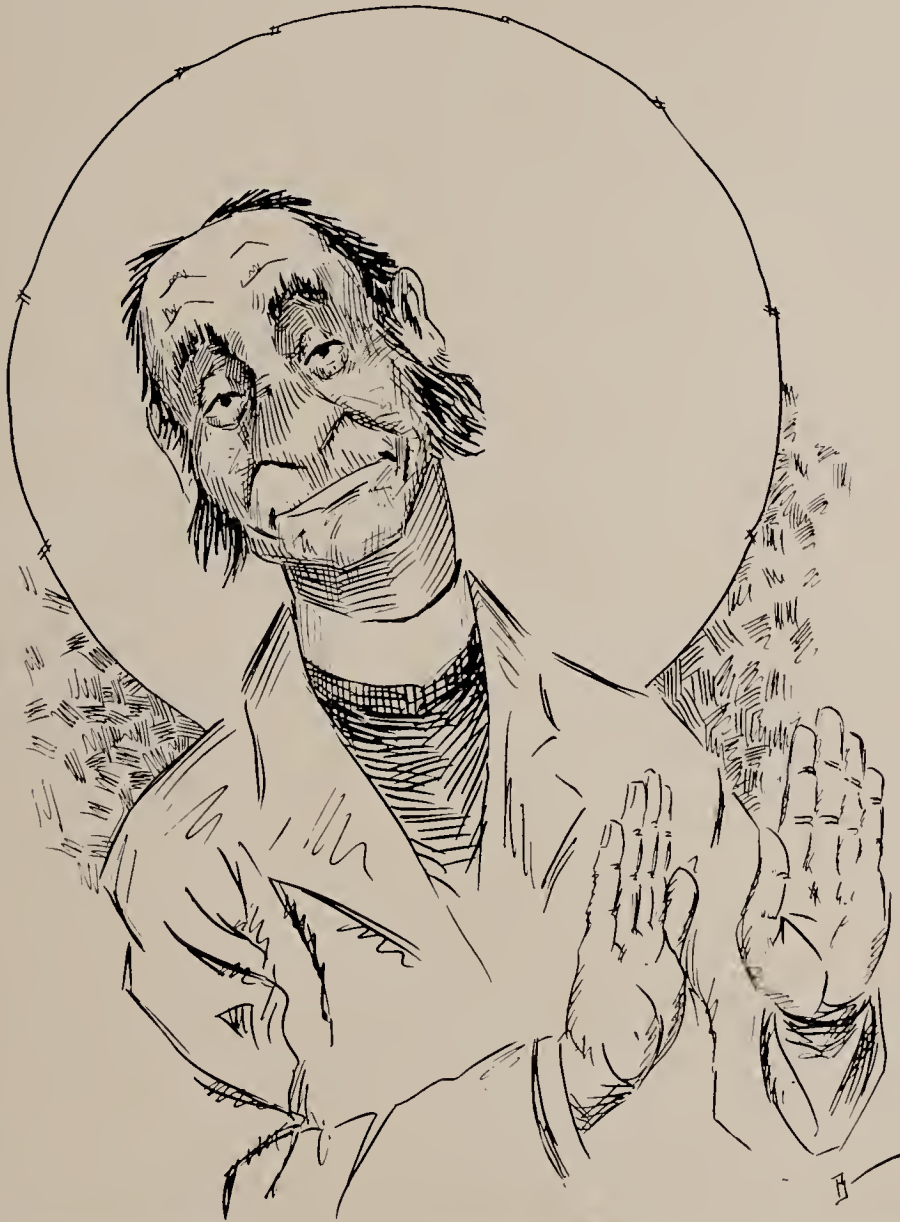
SECOND ROW: A. Wallace, L. Wal-
lace, N. Johnson, W. F. Baxter, L.
Beers, W. Cooksey, K. Parker, D. Find-
lay, B. Cunningham, M. Arnold.

BOTTOM ROW: A. Peeke, Donald
Magers, Douglas Magers, W. Wolfe,
V. Findlay, R. McAfee, H. S. Kalle-
meyn.



Activities





RELIGIOUS



THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

The Student Volunteer Band

"All tears shall be wiped away".

The Volunteer Band believes, in general, that the greatest possible service that anyone can render to humanity is to make Jesus Christ a real, vitalizing force for human needs. It believes, specifically, that the greatest possible service that it personally can render is in the field from which the cry of degradation and misery is the most insistent, and to which there is the least response. It believes that there are students on every campus whose strongest points would be wasted on any other than the foreign mission field, and further, it believes that there are those who should be guided away from this work because neither their taste nor ability tend in that direction.

So, with an eye on the field, and a body, mind and soul ever ready to respond to the vision that flits before this eye, the Student Volunteer Band has sought to make its Lord more real to all students, but more especially to those seeking their place in life.

Its agencies have been: The Sunday evening meeting, with Miss Callie Wright in charge, which is for prayer and information; the Chapel Mission talks, which have been dealing with specific facts as found on the field; the monthly news letters, received from the State Union; the Kansas City Union, which meets for special educational and inspirational purposes; and the Mission Study classes, which with Dr. Wolfe and Miss Crozier as teachers, have shown the hard as well as the inviting side of missionary life.

Under the leadership of our President, Mr. Bruce Boney, the year has in every way been a good one for the Student Volunteer Band.





Sid W. H. H. H.

THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION



THE Y. M. C. A. CABINET



LAKE GENEVA



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

The Narva '17



"DAD"

UNCLE "PI"

Student Occupations.



The Business of Life.



Humble Origin
of an
Apple Pie.



Club Spirit.



Rooting out Dandelions.



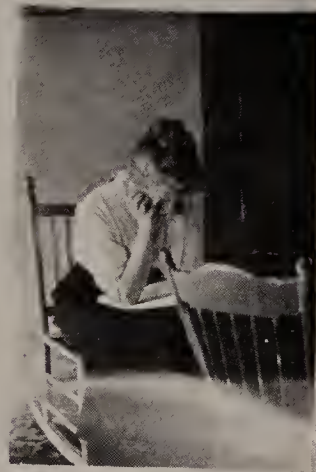
Hoy's Home Laundry.



Lady with a Magazine.



Featuring Eloise.



A Rare Pose.



STUDENT OCCUPATIONS



THE HILL DAY PAGEANT



HILL DAY DIVERSIONS



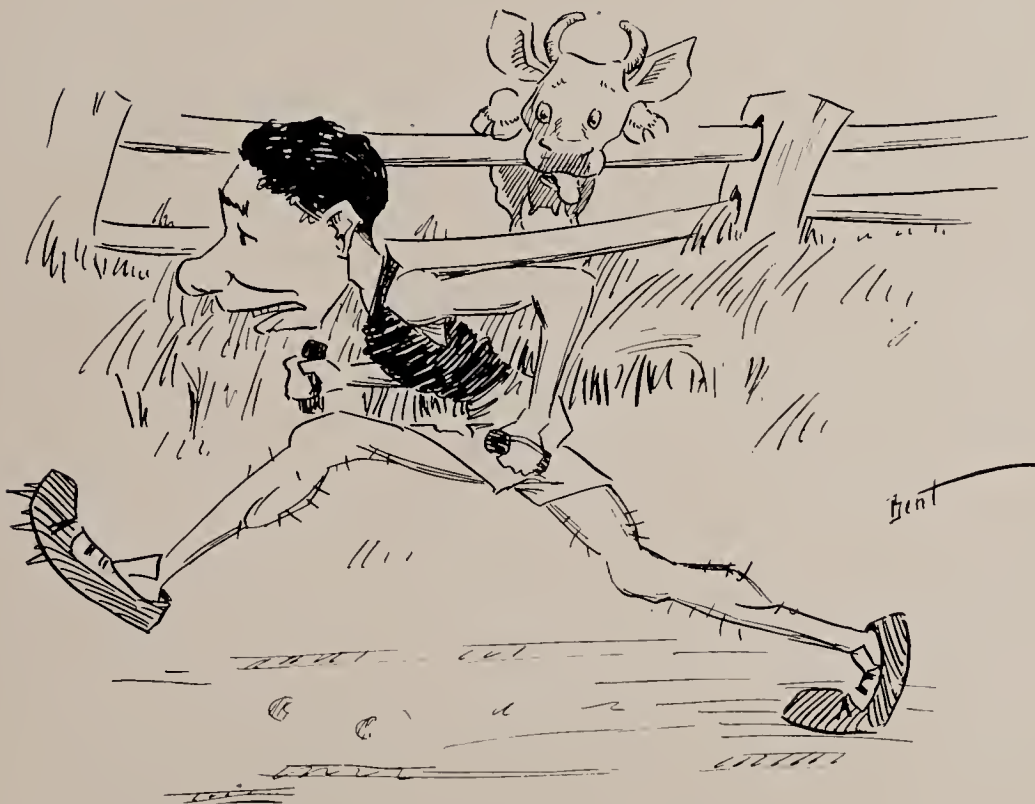
The Narva '17



James Nance !

MORE CASES

Athletics



Football

This is football's first year at Park College. Having gained the popular vote and presidential sanction, the season's sport was begun. Each of the clubs began a rigorous system of training, using up all the extra energy generated on the campus and seriously deranging the patient housemothers' supper-schedule. As a result five good teams were entered in the fall tournament. In each contest the best fight and spirit was shown.

PARCHEVARD vs. ORION.

The first game was scheduled between Parchevard and Orion. The ball was driven back and forth over the field between the two goals. "Parchie" was stronger on offensive while Orion showed best on defense. The forward pass featured in this as in every other game. On such a play Jimmie Greene scored a touchdown. The game ended Parchevard 7, Orion 0.

ORION vs. LOWELL.

With one defeat against her, Orion ambled onto the field to meet the Lowell warriors. The aerial work was used again although not as much in this game as in the first. Here Shetler started his famous end-run performances. Together with McElhinney (Captain), whose bucking and tackling were sensational, the big half-back brought victory to the Blue and Blue. After a series of end runs by Shetler, McElhinney was given the ball and found a weak spot in the opposing line. The score stood Lowell 7, Orion 0, at the close.

PARCHEVARD vs. LOWELL.

The prophets of the campus were silent before this game. Both teams boasted of a perfect record. When they met the onlookers held their breath. The defense was tight, nothing seemed to succeed but long passes or wide runs around end. Lynn Browning scored first for Parchevard, winning seven points in the first half. Early in the second half McElhinney scored for Lowell. The game was leaning Parchevard's way by one point. In the last few minutes of play "Mac" scored again for Lowell and goal was kicked. The game ended Lowell 13, Parchevard 7.

PARCHEVARD vs. ORION.

This second game resulted in a 13-7 victory for Parchevard. Lowell White scored both counters for Parchie and Fred Whitney for Orion.

ORION vs. LOWELL.

Forfeited to Lowell.

LOWELL vs. PARCHEVARD.

This game was the cleanest and hardest fought of the year. Both teams played real football to the last whistle. Millard Conklin scored for Lowell. The final score was Lowell 6, Parchevard 0.

Lowell1000
Parchevard500
Orion000





ON THE GRIDIRON





THE KICK-OFF



ON THE FIFTEEN-YARD LINE

Basketball

The college basketball team has had a successful season. Park has not a great deal of time for inter-collegiate basketball and is to be congratulated for the success she does have. Out of four games played this season, she won two. All of the games were good, and except for the last were fast and furious.

The stars for the season are undoubted Hawley and McElhinney. Shetler at guard was almost impassable, but as he was the stationary man he was limited in action. Van Dyke at forward showed some wonderful runs of basket-shooting. He was a little light for the teams that played here but in spite of that handicap was a terrible hooper. Peterson at center was hard playing and reliable. His absence in the last game was keenly felt. Filson was kept out of basketball this year because of a broken nose. Norrington who played center in the last two games displayed skill in jumping and goal shooting that is going to stand Park in good stead next year.

The season's results are as follows:

Park.....	30	Maxwell (K. C.).....	37
Park.....	32	Midland College	30
Park.....	32	Western Dental College.....	28
Park.....	38	Maxwells	58
Percentage: Park .500			

INTER-SOCIETY BASKETBALL

Parchevard ran off with highest honors this year. She claimed the championship, came and collected. Most of the games were close, and some of them tended toward football.

The season opened with even dope on the teams. The first game Parchevard won from Lowell 35-30. The contest was rough-and-tumble but squarely won.

Then Parchevard took Orion into camp to the tune of 30-27. Hawley for the Buff and Green played a wonderful game, scoring 19 of the points.

The third game resulted in a victory for Lowell over Orion. The score was wavering and uncertain to the last. It was the closest struggle of the year. The second Lowell-Parchevard game was taken by the Purple and Gold, 36-33, after five minutes' extra play.

In the last Orion-Parchevard match Orion lacked the punch and was easily out-classed. The score was 52-17.

In the Academy Philo and Andrion played good ball. Philo captured the first game at 55-13. It was a walk-away. The second game was a reversal of results. Andrion, strengthened by several men who had been unable to play before, defeated the Orange and Black 23-18.



PARCHEVARD BASKET-BALL



LOWELL FOOTBALL



LOWELL BASKET-BALL



PARCHEVARD FOOTBALL



ORION FOOTBALL



AURORA BASKET-BALL

Accidentals





Handy Dictionary of Technical Terms

By NOAH COUNT WEBSTER

For the use of the innocent bystander, who is apt to confuse class-roll with cinnamon-roll.
Baker's Dozen: (ety. dub., Founded 1912.) Injustice administered with a broom. Verb, bakerize.
Bone: (abb. of bonehead) 1. Something that is pulled. 2. An answer that springs from inspiration when inspiration isn't working.



"SOCIAL HOUR"



"CASE"

Case: A toxic product formed by an obstructed social life.

Conflict: Any two desirable subjects.

Curriculum: A wonderful system of conflicts.

Cut: Momentary relief from a curriculum.

Dean: Focus of student unrest. (Do not confuse with H. A. Dean; see Chemistry.)

Demerit: Unit of deviation from the straight and narrow.

Dubbing: Associating with; see "Birds-of-a-feather".

Dujeen: obs.; see "Uncle Walter".

Examination: 1. Denouement. 2. Suffering occasioned by "taking" a subject; see "sleepless nights", "midnight oil," etc.

Faculty: A device for passing rules; see Institution.

Faculty action: What the regulation was passed by.

Family time: Something unfortunate "family students" put in.

Feed: 1. Supplementary work for three meals a day. 2. Getting back to nature.

Flunk out: The result of a too optimistic view of life.

Graft: The line of least resistance in family time; fast becoming a tradition.

Holiday: (Faculty definition) Every other day.

Reference shelf: What he will place the book on.

Roll: a. *cinnamon*, acme of culinary perfection; b. *class*, something one must say "here" to; *light*, the fond hope of a Monday night supper.

Senior privileges: A foretaste of the normal social life.

Schedule: Something that is arranged and carried.

Social Hour: Occupation of men reported missing. vb. socialize.

Student government: An infallible remedy for non-existing evils.

"Take Names": *Military*, a file closer. *Social*, a device for making duty popular. See Monitor.

Wife: Roommate; the "white man's burden"; see Deadly Species.



"WIFE"

openings for
Young Men.



Our Expression Dep't. —



Fair Ellen

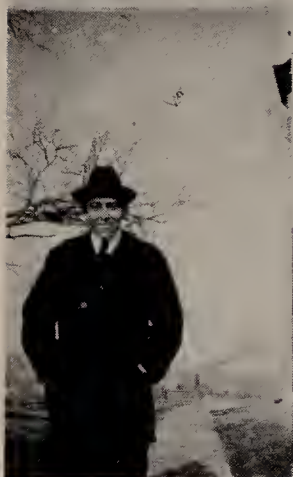


Wright
Hoffman



Too Much
Hill-Day.

Our
Polite
Postman.



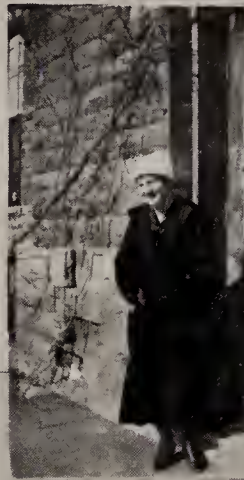
The Narva '17



BROWNING, KING AND COMPANY



BOTTOM PICTURE—THE LAKESIDE QUARTET





Our College Alphabet

A something Mr. Magers is occasionally forced to give. A grade.

B stands for Banner class. An efficiency invention of Mr. Stevenson's.

C means another examination.

D stands for demerit and domestic-science dinners. (A heroic letter.)

E a grade given only to the elect who can stay awake in class; often a symptom of nervous prostration.

F stands for "Freshman's Favorite".
A grade.

G something given to brilliant but hard-working students. A grade.

H not at all what you expected.
A very good grade.

I (Don't make me define this. I am
horribly self-conscious.)

J stands for joke, or janitor. They
are synonymous.

K stands for kitchen. A room which may be easily found by the "Keep Out. This means you" sign.

L stands for locker at Labor Hall. Something to break when you want anything.

M stands for Menu. A sort of wall calendar. (See kitchen.) Followed as a last resort.



N stands for New Dorm. Oh! Eleanor Chestnut?—
I suppose it doesn't then.

O stands for oleomargarine, which
in turn stands for butter.

P stands for Parchevard and Paul Wolfe.
(Impossible! How could it?)

Q stands for quitter, a consistent
disciple of "Safety First".

R stands for referee. The thing that
really decides basketball games.

S stands for signing. An arrangement whereby
the fellow who hasn't a case indulges in club-loyalty.

T stands for translation. Something Dr. Wolfe
calls for when you have just got to sleep.

U stands for university. A place where they
go when canned from Park. (See Legislature.)

V stands for V-necked costumes. Something the
faculty thinks is not quite the thing, you know.

W stands for work. Something we all
intended to do.

X stands for any number. Ask
Mr. Wells.

Y stands for Y. M. C. A. Something to
help fill up Sunday. (Cf. Menu.)

Z stands for zero, zip and zebra.
For def. of the last term, see H. Branch.

Commencement, Processional 1916



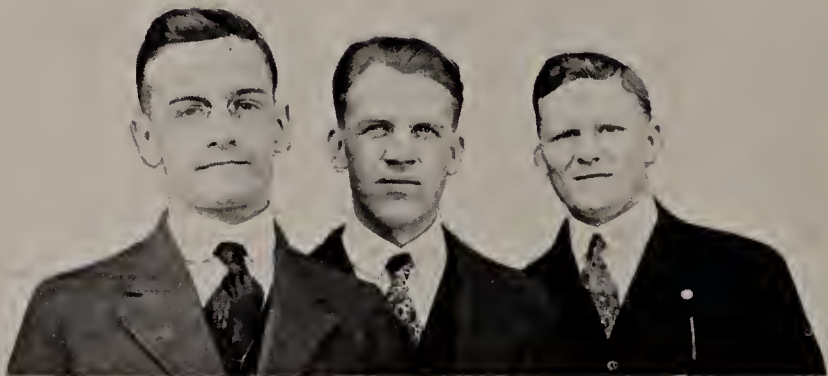


WINNERS IN DEBATE



Freshman.

Porter
Smith
Mazzei



Andrion.

Zutav, Erwin, White.



Orion.

Blodgett
Findley
McCluskey

"Watch us Grow."



WINNERS IN INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATES

Park's Orator, 1917



BEELER B. BLEVINS

BLEVINS' RECORD

Old Line State Oratorical Contest held at Park College, March 2nd, 1917. Park first.

State Prohibition Oratorical Contest held at William Jewell College, April 24th, 1917. Park first.

PARK'S DEBATE RECORD FOR 1917

Emporia, Affirmative; Park, Negative

April 5th, 1917

Resolved, That an American protectorate should be established over Mexico.

Decision, 2 to 1 in favor of Negative.

Park, Affirmative; Central Wesleyan, Negative

April 13th, 1917

Resolved, That municipalities should own and control their own public utilities.

Decision, 2 to 1 in favor of Affirmative.

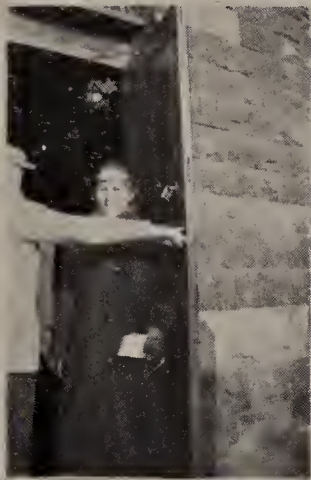
Westminster, Affirmative; Park, Negative

May 15, 1917

Resolved, That the United States should coöperate with European nations in a league to enforce peace.

Decision, 2 to 1 in favor of Negative.





STUDENT ATTITUDES

Parkville, Mo.
Oct. 11, 1918.

Dear Pauline:

I would love to take
you to Senor Mora's
concert Thursday

Yours truly,
Ray. Davis

Dear Mary:

I would like to
tango around Friday
night and socialize a little
if Black would not object.
What are the prospects?

Cordially,
Marsh W

Hitherto
Unpublished
"Two - Notes"

should have signed up for a
such simple red-headed woman
as I - I assure you I
appreciate to the fullest the
depth of your sacrificing
spirit in thrusting upon
yourself the company of
one of the inferior sex
and it is with deepest
gratitude that I accept

My dear Mr. Conklin,

May I have the pleasure of your
company at a leap year gathering on
Friday, Jan 1st? It is to be in
Alumnae from 5.30 till 7.30.

Sincerely,

Marsh C. Taylor

Friday the Thirteenth

WINNER OF THE LUCERNE PRIZE STORY CONTEST 1917

Paul Reneau shut his watch with a snap.

"Friday the thirteenth," he muttered between clenched teeth. "Five twenty-three—less than three hours until I must be at the Rue de Bois,—seventy miles to drive, a broken axle, and nothing or no one in sight."

Then he reviewed the day. Up early to work in his laboratory on a long neglected experiment, only to find the city supply of gas shut off and no heat for either his work or for breakfast. This condition resulted in his decision to let the work go for the day, and drive to Eterlant, a small town some eighty miles from Paris, in quest of a rare chemical which could be obtained at no other place:—his failure, and finally this message from Scotland Yards. He drew the message from his pocket, and reread it for the third time. "The man we want may be at the Rue de Bois reception tonight: large redfaced, yellow mustache, small white scar over left eyebrow, lefthanded. Goes under the name of LeGrande. Get him."

"Very simple", he mused. "Very simple, to the tune of some two-hundred miles of hard driving, a broken axle, a bum dinner, and it would seem, no supper at all. LeGrande certainly is a slick one. All the detectives of the civilized world are after him."

Paul's reverie was suddenly interrupted by the insistent honking of an approaching car. With a shout of relief he capered down the road and waved his arms. The car slowed down and stopped, its nose crowding into Paul's wrecked machine. Jamming his cap down over his head partially to hide his features, for Reneau was well known in all Europe as one of Scotland Yard's best detectives,—which did not always spell safety,—he ran to the car.

"Can you get to me—Oh, I beg your pardon." His cap came off with a flourish, for, half buried in furs, her face almost completely hidden by fur cap and goggles, sat a girl. She laughed merrily.

"No apology due, Mr. Reneau, I like to be mistaken for a man. And where is it you want to go?"

Now Paul had never considered himself a lady's man, but that voice certainly did sound alluring; and the chin, really all of her face that showed, was a nice firm little chin, rosy from the teasing sting of the cold wind.

"I am afraid you cannot help me", he said miserably, remembering the broken axle, the treacherous roads and the approaching darkness. "But perhaps you could set me down at the first farmhouse, and I could phone a garage—"

"What's the trouble," asked the girl in a business-like tone, opening the door of her car and preparing to alight.

"Broken axle."

"Oh,—then all you can do is to ride in with me and send some one out tomorrow for your car."

"But I must be at Rue de Bois by eight o'clock this evening. It is over sixty miles. You can't drive it."

"I will be there by seven if you insist. Come."

She made a pretty gesture of command, and Paul, nothing loath, obeyed.

The car shot forward as if it had been shoved by some gigantic hand.

For a time all of Paul's attention was concentrated on holding his breath and getting his feet ready for a long jump when the car should land in some ditch. But in a few minutes he discovered that the girl was really a masterhand at the wheel, and that the ditch was in no danger of being molested as long as it remained in its place beside the road.



The north wind, biting cold, whistled about the flying wheels and tugged viciously at their furs. The faint light in the west had faded. Slowly the stars began to twinkle. Fence posts and trees gradually disappeared except where the great bright eyes of the car cut widening wedges in the darkness. Far, ahead, shrouded in a heavy mist lay Paris, the city of a million lights. Somewhere in that great city was the man who was wanted by more governments than he had fingers. "And somewhere," thought Paul grimly, "is a good supper, and a nice warm bed. But they won't bother you, my boy."

His attention was suddenly brought back to his companion by her neat dodging of a treacherous hole in a bad bridge. She surely was making unusual time. The needle of the speedometer was never behind forty, often climbed to fifty, and once had trembled over the sixty mark.

"Plucky little piece," he thought. "At this rate I may have time to try some of Martha's hot biscuits."

Just then the girl put on more speed. The car lurched and swung from side to side of the road like a thing possessed. Involuntarily Paul grasped the wheel.

"Afraid?" the girl hissed.

"Not for myself. But your car—"

The lurching stopped, and the car shot forward in perfect control, leaping the rough places without the slightest jar. Fortunately the road was entirely deserted. If some belated farmer had been in their way he would have been crushed to death before any warning could have been given. Finally a small cluster of houses, with lights that appeared mere streaks were passed, and the car slackened speed. The edge of Paris was then reached where so great speed was impossible. Paul felt as tho he had been riding a loaded cork in mid-ocean. He straightened his cramped legs and drew a long breath, his first since the wild ride was begun. A muffled laugh came from the girl.

"Now perhaps you will say that I cannot drive?"

"I have nothing to say."

"So I notice."

Paul sat up with a start. Who was this girl? What did she mean by these puzzling words after this wild driving? "You can let me out here", he said, as they entered the heart of the city. "I can easily get a cab and need not trouble you further."

"I said I would get you to the Rue de Bois by seven, and I will."

"But," said Paul humbly, "this is a reception, and I am afraid I would look rather queer among the elect of Paris in these muddy clothes."

"I see. Then give me your home address, and I will take you there."

Seeing that there was no chance for argument, Paul acquiesced. In a few minutes the car swung to the curb in front of his house. Climbing out stiffly he faced the girl.

"I cannot thank you enough. I shall not try. You already know my name won't you tell me yours?"

"What would be the use? You shall not see me again."

"Perhaps not, but when I think of you—"

"When you think of me, think of sixty miles an hour, Friday the thirteenth."

She was gone.

As Paul opened the door, a soft voice, unmistakably Irish, called,

"And is that you, Mister Paul? Sure and I knew you would come. Michael he said it warn't no use, 'he won't come', 'but' says I, 'and twar only this morning he says, says he, 'how about some of them hot biscuits for supper tonight?' And me with hot biscuits and no one to ate them?"

By this time Paul had discarded his overcoat and was ready to apply himself to the biscuits.

"All right, Martha," he said cheerily, as Martha hustled around setting the smoking supper before her famished boarder. "The only trouble with Michael was that he wanted all the biscuits himself."

"And never a one did he get," exulted the good woman, as she uncovered a plate of fried chicken with a flourish. "Sure, and its Friday the thirteenth".

Paul laughed. "And fine luck it has brought me, Martha. A broken axle, and—"

"And a gurl."



Paul started. "Why Martha, how did you know that?"
But she had already vanished, leaving a good supper and a chuckle behind.



*But she had already vanished, leaving a good supper
and a chuckle behind.*

Some minutes later, Paul, clad in immaculate evening dress, hailed a taxi, and giving the address to the driver, settled himself comfortably inside. "Rich aunts are sometimes good for a little," he mused. "Aunt Marie would not be one bit flattered if she knew the only reason I am going to her reception. This is the third season she has had that house and I have never been there yet. Hope she will not tell everyone there that I am coming, or my bird may get wise and fly the trap. Funny she would invite LeGrande, but at one of these big affairs everyone is invited who can get his name on the mailing list. I wonder if that girl will be there. Would I know her if she were? A chin and a voice are hard things to trace, but I call myself a detective. 'When you think of me, think of sixty miles an hour, Friday the thirteenth'."

The taxi stopped with a jolt. Looking out Paul saw many cars parked at the curb, and crowds of richly dressed people entering a brilliantly lighted mansion.

"Here so soon?" he said in surprise. "I thought we were going at a snail's pace. But when one has been riding sixty miles an hour, these taxis are apt to seem slow. And anyway I was day dreaming."

Springing out, he paid the driver, who looked rather blank, but took the money and muttered at Paul's retreating back, "Changed your mind, didn't ye, young feller."

Following the crowd the young detective was ushered into a wide hall, where his hat and coat were taken by a stiffbacked, set faced individual, whose mechanical politeness reminded one of a half-baked animal cookie.

"Good evening, Mr. Reneau." Turning, Paul faced a much-befeathered matron whom he recognized as a friend of his aunt's. "What a pity your aunt is ill tonight. Such a disappointment, not to be able to preside at her biggest reception. You are here for professional reasons, I suppose?"

This was all news to Paul, but he murmured something appropriate, and mixing with the crowd drifted to the receiving line. A tall severe-looking matron levelled an icy stare at him through a platinum lorgnette.

"Name please," she said coldly.

"Paul Reneau," stammered the astonished young man.

"Oh, I see. But you are not the nephew of Madame Marchaud?"

"Yes, indeed," said Paul eagerly, grasping at the straw. "Such a pity she is ill tonight."

"Yes? But I should not think that would prevent your attending her reception." And the woman turned away to another guest.

"What did the woman mean," thought Paul. "Is she so anxious to take aunt Marie's place that she is glad of her illness? All women are cats anyway, with one exception, and she rather showed her claws this afternoon. I must find out if she is here tonight."

So Paul set out in quest of a soft voice and a dimpled chin. He soon forgot the uncomfortable feeling he had in the receiving line. There were many pretty girls there, but none with her voice. Late in the evening he heard a girl remark to her partner, "Did you know Madame Marchaud was ill? And this the night of her reception too. I should have gone there if I had had an invitation. The Tournay girls preside and that is a more exclusive set. Everyone is invited here."

Paul gasped. He saw it all clearly now. He was in the wrong house. This was not his aunt's reception at all. His chance at LeGrande was gone. His aunt would be offended when she heard that he had gone to the reception of her hated rival. He had made a fool of himself before all these people. But how could he get out now, without passing the terrible matron in the front hall?

"Well, you are a brilliant social success, M'sieu Reneau," he told himself fiercely. "Martha would call you a 'bloomin' idiot,' and in the presence of ladies I shall not use a stronger term. Now you must do the little goose-girl stunt, and fade away. Let me see. Perhaps the conservatory here has an outside door."

But even this way was not unobstructed. He had gotten halfway across the conservatory when he heard a familiar voice saying, "It's no use arguing. I have told you I would not consider your proposition."

There could be no mistake. The voice was certainly the one that had hissed "Afraid" this afternoon. It became plain to him that it would not do to meet her here. She would know he was not invited.

Quickly stepping behind a large palm he waited for the couple to pass.

"No!" the voice continued. "As far as I am concerned, Paul Reneau is safe. I know where he is but I shall not betray him."

A thrill of triumph surged over Paul. He had made an impression then! But what was the man saying?

"Very well young lady, tomorrow all the world will know who you are and what you have done. A lot your fine gentleman friend will care for you then, won't he?"

"You can't frighten me that way, Tom LeGrande! If the world knows all about me it will not be long in finding out all about you."

Paul was immediately on the alert. "LeGrande!" Was that the man he wanted? If so, what was he doing with that girl? The two moved away rapidly and the

excited young man ventured to look out. The girl, slim and dark, was marching stubbornly along, paying no attention to the man who followed, gesticulating violently. Suddenly the girl screamed and pitched forward. The man caught her before she struck the floor, and with his left hand. As he turned Paul saw his red face, his yellow mustache and the little scar over his left eyebrow. Leaping into the aisle the young man, now nothing but a clear-headed detective, hurried to the couple. The conservatory was now filling rapidly, for the girl's scream had been heard all over the house. The man turned, and looked wildly about for a means of escape. There was none.

"In the name of the law," said Paul, showing the little silver badge that gave him the authority of all civilized law.

LeGrande's hand slipped into his hip pocket. It was empty. His eyes widened when he saw his own automatic in Paul's hand.

"I will come," he said shortly.

Late that night, just before turning out the light, Paul picked up the night edition, which the efficient Martha had brought in. On the first page, in glaring headlines, he read,

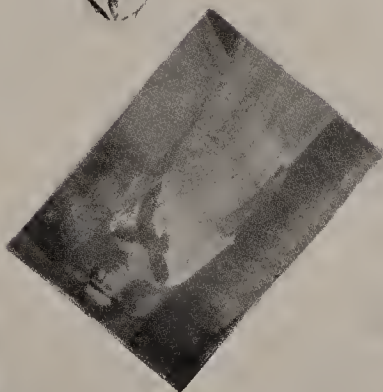
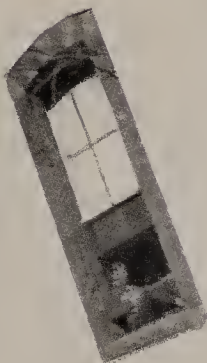
"BIG ARREST MADE
LE GRANDE, THE MOST DESPERATE CRIMINAL
OF TODAY
RENEAU ADDS ANOTHER SCALP"



"At the reception of Mme. Frances LaFarge tonight, Paul Reneau, the celebrated French detective sprung a well-set trap, and Tom LeGrande, alias Frank Benton, alias Southpaw Charley was captured. His accomplice, Theresé Debussy, by feigning a fainting fit, escaped with a great deal of plunder gleaned from the rich women at the reception.—"

Paul read no further. Flinging the paper across the room, he climbed into bed, and switching out the light, muttered,

"Friday, the thirteenth."





HOUSEMOTHERS AND SUPERINTENDENTS

FESTIVITIES



The Band



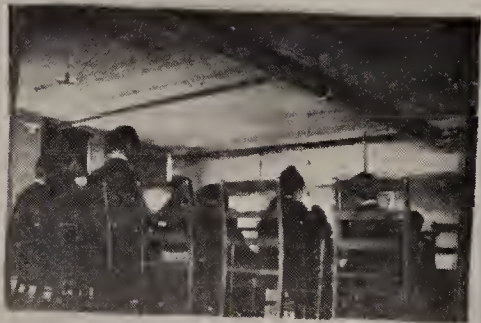
Ukelale



Study Hour



Warm Meals at all Hours.



Chemistry.



Hiding from Dean Horne



AN AWFUL PAGE



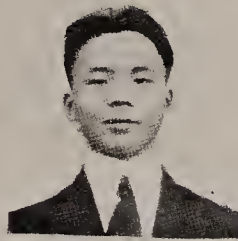
Searson's Shoes



No chaperone

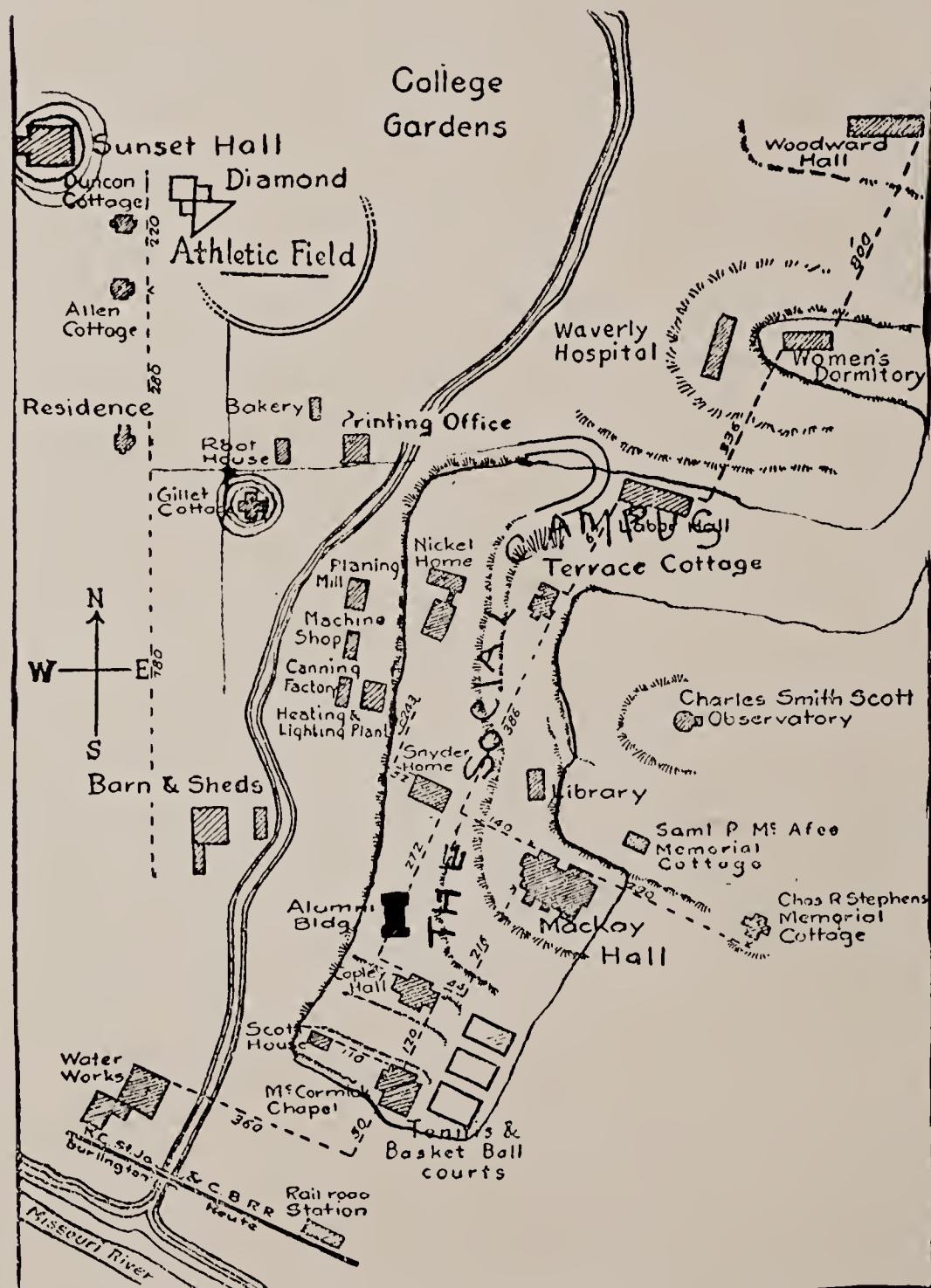


Frizelle Working:



Student's Guide to Important Social Rules

General Regulations Governing Social Life.



"1. The young men and young women are permitted to attend together all evening entertainments in the college 'Calendar of Events,' and events on the Student Enterprise Ticket. Such permission does not include the privilege of walking together on or off the campus during or after the events."

This means that if one has purchased his student enterprise ticket and is socially inclined, and wishes to be entertained in the evenings when such entertainment is possible, he is gently permitted by the Dean (who is heartily encouraged in this by the Faculty) to attend such entertainment. This constitutes a "chapel event"—a purely Parkologous form of dissipation—and is an incident of mark in one's memory.

Having brought up the topic of social life, just what is "Rule Two"? Rule Two of history is now Rule Six. We quote again: "The period for recreation and social life is from 5:30 to 7:30 p. m. on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. All social affairs of the College, except those provided for in the schedule of events, must be held at these times. The young women may entertain young men in the parlors of the young women's dormitories, or they may walk together on the campus during these hours, provided that they do not remain out until after dark."

This felicitous state of affairs, when it extends over any other period except the above mentioned ones, is variously known as "two-off", "rule two is suspended" (as Mr. Mann has it) and "special social hour". It is called Rule Two to keep alive the blessed memory of the rule of that name which for long, long years was the arbiter of our social destinies.

And here is where our map comes in. All the broad area you see in it is not "the campus" in which one may walk (we mean two may walk); this area is the campus as it is used for advertising. The 300 feet wide space enclosed in the jaggedy line is the social campus, outside whose pale the demerits increase directly with the distance. In the words of the statute:

"Walking on the campus as allowed in the above paragraph is limited to the following portions of the campus: Snyder and Mackay terraces and those parts of the lower terrace occupied by the tennis courts. In the other direction the limits are set by Eleanor Chestnut dormitory, the swings and the spring. The hills above the spring are not included."

From this it follows that "busting two" has become "busting six", a further evidence of the increased cost of living.

Do not be pessimistic, there is a bow in this dark cloud of social depression. It is that cheery little Rule Three, which has grown dear to the hearts of most of us, as it has always been dear to our purses. This rule is a relic of the Age of Gold: "3. Special permission must be obtained from the housemother for the young men and young women to go to the ice-cream parlors and restaurants in town together."

"Special permission" is a choice phrase. We feel its benign influence in Rule Four, as it tends there to charm the rough legal phraseology into delightful English. And what a thrill it gives us to know that we are to "participate"! How much better than the student slang, "all who want to be in on this event"!

Rule Four is: "Special permission for all social gatherings to be attended by young women must be obtained from the Dean, who will approve a chaperone. A list of all students who desire to participate in such social gathering, together with the name of the chaperone, must be submitted to the Dean. The chaperone is expected to report all cases of irregular conduct."

One thing more about the map. Alumni building is in black, to indicate that it is the one spot on the campus where picnics are lawful. Since it savors this much of the lawless outside world—being a sort of quarantined district—we thought it fitting in illustrating a rule book to paint it black. From the student point of view, needless to say, it is not as black as it is painted. Our authority: “8. No picnics are to be held on the campus except such gatherings as may be held in the Alumni Building.”

Then there are some humorous little rules like these: “10. Young women are not to receive callers or visitors on Sunday, except by special permission.” This obviously arose from a fear that some girls might entertain callers and other visitors, so to guard against any partiality, both are taboo.

Sec. 10. No. 7. “Men and women are not permitted to dance together.” Certainly not. They should come together in some other more sedate and gentlemanly manner.

Sec. 10. No. 8. “All family students are required to attend breakfast and morning prayers”. This is a desperate ruse for getting the breakfasts eaten with as much grace as possible.

Now this Work-rule is interesting: “Sec. 15. No. 5. In case of sickness, which interferes with family work, a student should always report to his work superintendent that he will be absent from work before time for said work to begin.” Many are the times when the fevered patient has appeared before Mr. Nichols and said casually, “Say, boss, I’m intending to have small-pox for the next month or so. If you think I’d better go to the hospital, could my work be arranged?”

After Breakfast

Being a Cross-section of "Mt. Zion"

(SCENE: Terrace Cottage dining room. Miss Thomson's dining room, to be specific. In the center, under the single electric light, a rectangular table surrounded by girls in various stages of seriousness, from the decorous attention of Sweet Alice, past Zaila's air of shocked comprehension to the brazen indifference of the Family, among whom, by the way, the guilty person is sure to be found. Of these, Roka gazes stolidly on the snowy landscape, a touch of temper about the mouth. Margaret pays bored attention to the light globe. Sears leans comfortably on her hand, frankly enjoying the situation. She sits up now and then to contribute her mite when the interest threatens to slacken. Beth, the personification of dignity, at Miss Thompson's right hand, regularly suppresses Margaret whenever her attention wanders from the light. Miss Thomson presides, grave as becomes one wielding the powers of life and death; grieved to have to mention such a subject; resolved to do her duty; vaguely irritated by something in the atmosphere which she cannot just place. This atmosphere, by the way, partakes of the color of the wall-paper, an indeterminate brownish green. A telephone in the corner rings with maddening persistence like a misplaced sense of humor.)

MISS THOMSON: (seriously)—Girls, a matter of which I am extremely sorry to speak, has been called to my attention. Some young man was seen to leave our dormitory fully five minutes after seven-thirty last evening. I was away you know. Now rules must be adhered to. Dean Horne is very liberal in his attitude toward social life, and I have noticed with deep regret a growing tendency among my girls to criticise authority. Last evening's departure seems to me evidence of this fact. Such a tendency must be eradicated. (Portentously.) Who was the young man?

SEARS: (brightly) Dear me, Miss Thomson, what did he look like? On ordinary occasions it is hard enough to get one up here—an—

MISS T.: (frigidly) You must know that it was dark, Marguerite; how could the Dean tell what he looked like?

MARGARET: (in a bored voice.) Evidently a senior, since he must have hit our corner light with the first rock.

BETH: (quickly, with a somewhat jerky effect due to having kicked Margaret under the table). Well, Miss Thomson who could it have been? I was sitting by our front window watching to see that Margaret got safely to the library, and (airily) I didn't see a soul.

MISS T.: (with dignity.) Nevertheless Elizabeth—

CLARA: (bursting into speech. Her words scatter like birdshot.) At other dormitories they don't have to stick to the rules like this. (A plaintive tone becomes more and more evident as she speaks). There ought to be some justice in it somewhere.

SWEET ALICE: (reproving Clara with Christian forbearance). Because so few in this place follow the straight and narrow path, are we to deviate from it? (she relapses into dreams of the lovely Hottentot far away in deepest Africa.)

ROKA: (with a flounce). Well, if the dear Dean had to keep his own rules, his path would resemble a corkscrew.

ZAILA: (with her usual air of complete stupefaction at the wickedness of mankind.) Really? Now Hal— (she breaks off, her face a lovely pink.)

IRENE: (drily). Who ever said the path to Rickey's window was straight?

EDITH: (whose great eyes have been twinkling with increasing amusement as the scene has progressed). Well, really, Miss Thomson, what difference does five minutes make?

MISS T.: "Well really," Edith, if you have no sense of honor, how can I explain the matter to you?

MARGARET: (wearily. She is evidently bored to extinction). The difference, Edith, is a matter of demerits. (She ceases abruptly, an acute expression of pain passing over her face, though there has been no evident disturbance).

BETH: Well, Miss Thomson, do you suppose it could have been some one from New Dorm?

MISS T.: Girls, girls! We shall never get anywhere at this rate! How many of you were engaged last evening?

SEARS: Miss Thomson! How can you? Shall we all announce them at once? (aside to Irene). Now wouldn't that make you snort?

IRENE: I was engaged in mending my clothes. Had I better tell her?

MISS T.: How many of you had (she hesitates, shies at the word; finally takes it standing, with a smile) dates?

CLARA: (aggrieved) Now Miss Thomson! You know that I—

SEARS: (soothingly) There! there, Clara! Calm yourself.

KITTY: This is ridiculous. Let Dean Horne find out for himself. I have a geology lesson and forty-five French papers.

MISS T.: (struggling with a smile) Now girls!—Answer me Elizabeth.

BETH: Miss Thomson! (She breaks off choked with indignant disgust, each separate red hair bristling. Beginning all over with the strained calm of a martyr) I had no date.

MARGARET: O blame it on me, as usual! If it isn't Mrs. Wilson, it's the Dean. Ten demerits last year; what do a few more matter? Yes, I socialized with Lawrence!

MISS T.: Socialized! A most execrable term! I beg you to coach your remark in more moderate language. At what time did Mr. Hurley leave?

BETH: (with determination) Now Miss Thomson, she went to the library at seven-thirty.

MARGARET: O shut up Beth! (Reciting). At six thirty we went into the study. At six thirty-one we invited John and Roka to leave. At six forty Ruie and Mr. Strickle looked in to say Good Evening. At six forty-two Marguerite ramped through hunting a chair. At six fifty Lawrence asked me—

MISS T.: (hastily) That will do Margaret! (The telephone gives three sharp rings. Margaret makes a face at it) Kitty?

KITTY: (waking up with a start) No, Miss Thomson.

MISS T.: Ruie?

RUIE: Mr. Strickle did come up—

SEARS: (delicately) But dishwater is not such a medium of sociability as to induce Charles to remain after seven-thirty.

MISS T.: Alice?

ALICE: (smoothly) Well, I did want to have a "sing" with Mr. White, but the girls resent me so. And it wasn't worth that you know.

MISS T.: Marguerite?

SEARS: Well! After having to choose between the radiator and the hat-rack for a setting for my own charms, and after finally depositing Brother Dwig in the card-receiver, it does peeve my soul to be asked what time he left!

(Voice from the staircase where our professional invalid has been standing for some minutes): I know. It was only Mark Weer trying to sell Miss Thomson some tea.

ALL: Tea! So that's what he wanted.

SEARS: Hail Columbia, happy fits! Tea!

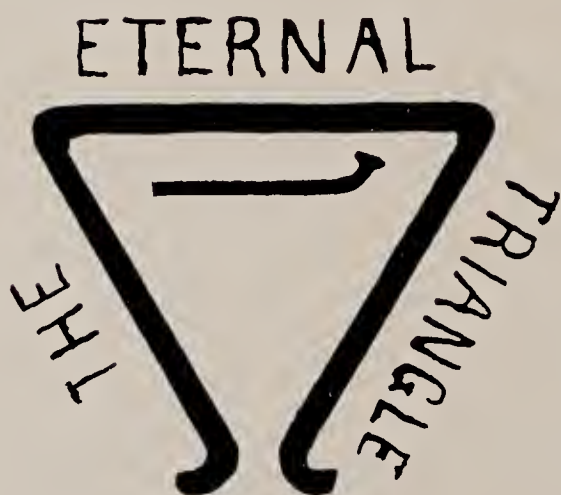
(She faints.)

The Original Seventeen

1. Graft.
2. Zip.
3. Morning Prayers.
4. The 9:30 Train.
5. The chapel speaker who feels like the little boy who went fishing.*
6. Uncle Steve.
7. Social Hour.
8. Goulash.
9. "Printed by the Students."
10. The man who drove the first nail in Copley.†
11. A Three-cornered Trade.
12. Enthusiasm-meeting.
13. Half-Holiday.
14. A Feed Committee.
15. The Waiter Bell.
16. "The furniture in this room is dedicated . . ."
17. A Talkative Alumnus.

*See Appendix.

†We have no data either. Believe all of them.



No. 15



No. 12

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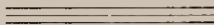
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